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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1902. NUMBER

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UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1902. NUMBER 1

Bliss Carmen in the *Chicago Tribune* of recent date has struck out another definition of the poet which is not bad. The poet he says "is a person who has something important to say about life and has a special gift of saying it supremely well. He must have thought profoundly about existence; he has felt deeply about life and he must speak with the wonderful power of charm as well."

The telegraph announces that the wife of the Kaiser is reducing her weight by taking anti-fat specifics, but that she is also reducing her health by the same process. There seems to be certain old-fashioned antidotes to superfluous flesh that the wise know of which can be resorted to without impairing the health. Let those who are suffering like the Empress eat a little less and work a little more and perhaps the desired end will be realized.

The Literary Digest in an article entitled "The Arts and Crafts Movement" gives an appreciative review of the recent book of that title by Oscar L. Triggs, of Chicago, the book that represents perhaps the high water mark of the bookmaking art in this city. This article says: "There are indications in several quarters of an increasing interest in the arts and crafts propaganda." In this connection it mentions at least three young monthlies devoted to this propaganda in America, viz., *The Craftsman*, published at Eastwood, N. Y., *The Handicraft*, published in Boston, and *The Comrade*, published in New York.

Thirty thousand seems to be the estimate of the victims of the volcanic disaster at St. Pierre, but Sir Charles Brooks, who headed an English army against certain insurrectionists in Borneo, is reported to have lost twelve thousand men by cholera. Out of 815 boat loads that started only 19 boat loads returned to tell the ghastly story. The cause of the disaster in the West Indies was cosmic; the theist may well call it divine. The cause of the disaster in the East Indies was human, avoidable. Should not the theist call it devilish because it was the evil result of evil forces which wise men could, and of a future day, will, avoid.

The Shah of Persia seems to be a troublesome guest of European royalty. It is difficult to know how to entertain a man who likes to have his cook broil his chicken over his own parlor grate. There are various other curious things that gather around this Oriental ruler, but perhaps the strangest thing about him is the strange and little studied history of his country, people and religion. Ancient Persia with its Zoroaster, Xerxes and biblical Darius, is a somewhat known quantity in the minds of the intelligent, but its modern successor with its wealth of poetry, mysticism and faith, the Persia of Saadi, Omar Khayyam and the "Shah Nameh" are probably as little understood as this touring Shah. It is to be hoped that when this "Curiosity" has returned to his eastern home he may have awakened a little wholesome curiosity in the minds of the new Europe and the new America in these curious facts and rare treasures.

After a years experimentation the Rev. Frank Crane lays down the pastorate of the People's Church in Chicago and hies himself to the eastward, where he assumes charge of the Congregationalist Church at Worcester, Mass. It is fair to say that Doctor Crane has found that a people's movement at the center of a great city like Chicago with the twenty years history containing the free traditions and humanitarian breadth which characterized the ministry of his predecessor, Doctor Thomas, call not only for a large investment of energy and self-denial, but of intellectual activity and religious breadth. When Doctor Crane took up the work he announced that he was going to "preach Christ and him crucified" only. Lest this message might somehow be tainted, one of his first public acts was to withhold his support and that of his congregation, so far as he could speak for them, from the union thanksgiving service in which for many years Jew, Christian and Ethical Culture had united, with his church as host. But evidently the gospel of Christ as applied to the needs of the spirit of Chicago and this day must needs be expressed in no uncertain sound and is not afraid of contact with publicans, sinners or heretics. UNITY extends its congratulations to Doctor Crane on his escape from a perplexing situation and upon his entering upon a new and inviting opportunity. It is too early to speak of Doctor Crane's successor, though the papers have hinted that Professor Willets, of the Chicago University, is being considered and is himself considering it. Professor Willets is nominally a representative of the Christian connection, but already his ministry as professor of biblical literature and university extension lecturer on biblical themes has given him a constituency far beyond the range of any one denomination. His vision and his sympathies outreach and overreach all sectarian fences, and if he enters upon this great field he will do it with the well wishes, the co-operation and hearty fellowship of a great constituency in Chicago and out of it. Among this constituency UNITY and its readers will be glad to take their places. The annual meeting of the society we believe is to be held in October. No decisive action can be taken until that meeting. Meanwhile the People's Church remains a solid fact because it meets an obvious necessity and has already made for itself a large place in the life of Chicago.

We print in our news column the better part of Dr. Heber Newton's farewell address "To the Members

of All Souls Congregation," of New York City. We do this because Heber Newton belongs to all of us. His thirty-three years' ministry in New York City has been a ministry to the nation. His long pastorate is not only a great tribute to the personal worth of the man and the intelligence and liberality of the constituency it was given him to serve, but it is a significant sign of the times and a hopeful augury of the future. Mr. Newton entered upon his work a young man—by training, purpose and ambition an Episcopal rector, but he also entered upon his work with the purposes and possibilities of growth of a young man. He has kept himself in the world of thought and of life, and his congregation has grown with him, intellectually and spiritually. In their hands the Episcopal church has grown elastic; its ritual has become fluid and its doctrines counters of progress, historic landmarks representing a moving stream of thought. In short in the hands of Doctor Newton and his congregation the doctrines and forms of the Episcopal Church have become elements in the poetry of the soul, which they have cherished for their suggestiveness; which they have resented whenever they became presumptive and tyrannical. Doctor Newton began early, as his little book on the Bible testifies, to study and then to accept the conclusions of the higher criticism. Doctor Newton has heard the cry of the laborer; has taken account of the sociological trend in religion and politics, so that he, the pastor of an up town and, presumably, a wealthy congregation, has been a friend of the working man, an advocate of labor. Doctor Newton has learned to recognize that there is such a thing as a new psychology and he has not been afraid of it, as his sympathetic discussion of Christian Science, Theosophy and Spiritualism testify. Doctor Newton has come to be a priest of the liberal faith, an apostle of universal religion, as his keen interest in the Parliament of Religion and his high service to its successor, the Congress of Religion, testifies. Of the latter organization he has been one of the most active vice presidents from the start. He was the preacher of the Congress at its Boston session; he and his congregation have been generous supporters of it throughout its history. While we join with the congregation in mourning over the loss to New York, we rejoice with California in its great acquisition. He goes to Leland Stanford, where he will find a free pulpit and a great opportunity, and going hither he will carry his interest in the Congress of Religion and his co-operation with UNITY. We are already justified in saying that we have the assurance of both David Starr Jordan and Doctor Newton that at no distant day there will be held on the Pacific coast, probably in the halls of Leland Stanford, a Congress of Religion wherein delegates from over the Rocky Mountains will meet the open-minded of the Pacific slope in the interest of that synthesis of religion so dear to Heber Newton and the readers of this paper.

With this issue UNITY begins the last volume of its twenty-five years' life. With the completion of this volume, the last issue in February, 1903, it will have rounded out its quarter of a century, during which time it has borne its message as best it could of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. It has tried to enlarge in theory and apply in practice its text of "He hath made of One all Nations of Men." In addition to this, UNITY has been a friendly letter, a nimble message-bearer, and, as opportunity was given it to be, a news-gatherer among the few who believe that religion is more than denominations and applied christianity too large for any sect, and who further believe that this belief needs organic expression. While holding no one responsible for its support, either spiritually or materially, it has tried to serve this growing constituency. What it may be enabled to accomplish in this direction during this home run to the quarter century post and what may come after that we do not know, and consequently dare not predict. But perhaps the announcement that with this issue we add, with their consent, to our list of editorial contributors the names of Rev. Albert Lazenby, pastor of Unity Church, Chicago; Rev. Fred V. Hawley, secretary-elect of the Western Unitarian Conference, Rev. Richard R. Boynton, pastor of Unity Church, of St. Paul, Minn., and Prof. Charles W. Pearson of Evanston, Ill., may justify a note of hopefulness and indicate another chance. The appearance of the names of these gentlemen among our editorial contributors indicates no change either in the status of UNITY or in their attitude toward it. It simply means that these brethren have consented to express the fellowship and co-operation already felt by more active co-operation and to give this purpose and this fellowship as much more tangible expression as this recording of their names may indicate. These gentlemen need no introduction to the UNITY family. Mr. Lazenby is the genial and learned Englishman who came by way of Scotland to take up the difficult work in the church founded by Robert Collyer in Chicago. Mr. Hawley comes, we believe, through the Baptist Church, by way of the Unitarian pulpits of Jackson, Mich., and Louisville, Ky., to the headquarter work at Chicago. Mr. Boynton, a Unitarian to the manor-born, a Boston boy, comes into the apostolic succession at St. Paul. Of Professor Pearson, the last of our new names, we need offer no words of introduction. The readers of UNITY are already in love with the man who prized the integrity of his own soul above the altogether congenial Professorship of English Literature in the Northwestern University,—a position which he had so long held to the satisfaction of all concerned. This position he voluntarily resigned when he found that his unorthodox views of the Bible and of the Nazarene Carpenter were likely to bring embarrassment to the management of the University. It is a significant sign of the times as well as a great compliment to the man that a "heretic" such as Prof. Pearson confessedly is can retire both from the church and the college of his inheritance and his love carrying with him the blessings and not the curses of those he leaves behind Prof. Pearson now finds himself, so to speak, thrust into the ministry of a non-credal religion, a worker for the cause that UNITY stands for. In these columns he

will stand for the consecration of the old and the freedom of the new faith,—or, better yet, the faith that is neither "old" nor "new," but the faith that is Universal and Eternal, the faith of good works and of the devout mind. These men will speak their own words over their own names or initials when the importance of the matter justifies, and they will furnish such news and notes as time and opportunity offers them. We trust that they come into this inner circle of the UNITY household not alone; each one has a constituency that we trust will be glad to follow him. There is room on our subscription list for those who, believing in these men, would like to profit by their word and share in their work and advance the common cause to which they give their lives.

The Lithia Springs Chautauqua.

At last the senior editor has reached one more of his Carcasonnes. He has been to Lithia Springs and found his old schoolmate and companion in arms, Jasper Douthit, at his maximum, in the closing days of the twelfth year of the Lithia Springs Assembly. What did he find?

First, the physical Lithia Springs; a noble forest tract of two hundred and fifty or more acres, spared by the ruthless ax of the settler, a forest indeed, filled with noble trees of the noble type—splendid oaks, elms, bass woods, sugar maples, sycamores and cottonwoods, such as seldom gladden the eye of the prairie dwellers in the west. The surface sufficiently irregular to break the monotony, though not heroic; the whole creased by a very slender little "branch" that has scooped out a softly molded ravine which forms the hammock-shaped dell in which most of the cottages and tents nestle. This "branch" is fed by springs, three of which are neatly curbed in stone, the water sufficiently tinctured with mineral to give it a medicinal flavor and virtue.

Second, the social Lithia Springs. Here far from the "madding crowd" from six to eight hundred people lived in the canvas city for two weeks, a city of about 125 tents and 25 cottages and log cabins. This is perhaps the most benignant element in the Lithia Springs encampment. Here was not the conventional crowd of "resorters," city people seeking a new excitement and some fresh display of their summer dresses, but hard-working country people, over-worked farm women and solid farmers, who have worked to such purpose that they can afford to take a fortnight off; men who are not so rich that they know not how to stop. It was a real "Camp Rest" to gray-haired people that were content to live the long day without excitement. It is true there were young people who kept the tennis court picturesque, but even they had learned the joy of quiet fun and could play within ear-shot of the pavilion without disturbing or being disturbed by the exercises.

Third, the spiritual Lithia Springs. We saw the last days of an emancipated Chautauqua; it was Chautauqua program, Chautauqua methods, and Chautauqua spirit come to its full orb in untrammeled hospitality; a Chautauqua that was true to its orthodox devotions and consecrations, but not afraid of its Unitarian leadership and the Universalist message, these did not antagonize, but they blended into the program. The last day, Sunday, August 24th, happened to find a Unitarian preacher in the morning, the secretary of the Congress of Religion in the afternoon, and the secretary of the Western Conference leading the vespers service. Mr. Boynton unfolded the humanitarian message that forms the core of the parable of the prodigal son. The secretary of the Congress of Religion spoke in the afternoon to twenty-five hundred people on the coming together in religion, the overlapping territory of the sects, and Mr. Hawley made the vesper hour helpful by emphasizing the element of fraternity in religion. At night six or eight hundred people listened to the good bye addresses and took their leave of the speakers by shaking hands while they sang as a recessional the "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Fourth, the Douthit of Lithia Springs. This to the present writer was the most interesting element of all. Douthit's years of consecration and self-denial are at last yielding their fruitage. The seed he has been planting for thirty and more years is bringing its harvest. The future of Lithia Springs is not yet secure; there are perplexing problems of administration and the ever agonizing financial annoyances to be met, but his work is safe. This liberal Chautauqua has a local future; but it has a larger future in the broadening life of the Chautauqua movement in America. Thus far the executive problems, the push and the work, has been confined to the Douthit family, but it is more than a family affair and other hands must take hold of the wheels with them and other shoulders share the burden that this farmers' assembly, this liberal Chautauqua, this people's college in the woods, may continue to grow in its power to bless, its capacity to soothe, its purpose to lift.

Let no one imagine that such an assembly as this is easily realized or that they are going to be rapidly multiplied. Let those who would multiply these summer centers count well the cost before they launch on new ventures. Better to strengthen and sustain those already started than to dissipate strength on new ventures inspired by narrower aims and selfish rivalry.

Long life to the Lithia Springs Assembly!

Credo.

I believe in the Motherhood of God.

I believe in the blessed Trinity of Father, Mother and Child.

I believe that God is here, and that we are as near Him now as we ever shall be. I do not believe he started this world a-going and went away and left it to run itself.

I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living.

I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom.

I believe we are now living in Eternity as much as we ever shall.

I believe that the best way to prepare for a Future Life is to be kind, live one day at a time, and do the work you can do the best, doing it as well as you can.

I believe there is no devil but fear.

I believe that no one can harm you but yourself.

I believe that we are all sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

I believe in every man minding his own business.

I believe that men are inspired today as much as men ever were.

I believe in the sunshine, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts.

I believe in the paradox of success through failure.

I believe in the purifying process of sorrow and I believe that death is a manifestation of life.

I believe the Universe is planned for good.

I believe it is possible that I will make other creeds, and change this one, or add to it, from time to time, as new light may come to me. —*Fra Elbertus.*

Dr. Heber Newton's Farewell Letter to His New York Congregation.

DEAR FRIENDS: My rectorship of All Soul's parish officially closes on September 1. Before that date comes round, I desire to send to you a word of farewell, the word which I was unable to give last spring; the absence of which, taken in connection with the circumstances of my abrupt ceasing of work, and, to many of you, my unexpected resignation, without a word of explanation, may have left in some minds an unfortunate impression of my action. It was rather hard fate that I had to conclude a thirty-three years' ministry after such a fashion.

Through the past two or three years I had grown increasingly persuaded that my strength was being overtaxed, and that it no longer sufficed to do justice to the work in All Souls' parish. From the conclusions of my judgment my heart shrank back, with the reluctance natural to one who had given the best part of his life to the ministry of one parish.

At the end of the last year, most unexpectedly, the invitation came to me to accept the position of preacher in the newly erected University Church of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. It must be needless to say that this work appealed to me strongly. To preach to the hundreds of young men and young women gathering in this great university; to help thus in the formation of their characters, in the formative period of life; to have a share in moulding the men and women who are to build our wonderful western empire—this presented itself to me as an honoring work in which any one might rejoice. The far-seeing spiritual insight of the foundress of the university, divining the supreme need in a great university of the religious inspiration, in order that culture may minister to character and character serve humanity; planning for a settled ministry in a noble church, chartered with complete freedom from dogmatic and sectarian limitations —a new departure in some respects in our American university life—this seemed to call upon me to do what in me lay to help realize such wise and noble aspirations. The nature of this ministry, with its exemption from parochial responsibilities, appeared to provide me a work within the limits of my strength. The change of climate and the new surroundings gave hope of continuing my power of work for some years to come.

For these and other reasons I was strongly drawn to accept the invitation. Before deciding the matter it seemed wise to look the work over on the spot. So I concluded to make a hurried trip to California in February last. It did not appear best, however, to speak of the object of my journey to the congregation in advance of this visit of inspection. In leaving for the West, therefore, I gave no notice of the reason of my absence. My expectation was that, even if I concluded to go to Stanford, I would return and preach to you in the spring, concluding the winter's course of sermons; thus giving the vestry time to select my successor without a break in the parish ministry, and enabling me personally to interpret my resignation from the chancel, and to say what I could in the way of a "good-bye."

When compelled by indisposition in Chicago to abandon the journey and return slowly homeward, it was with the expectation, after a short rest, of taking my place in my pulpit again for the rest of the spring, at least. This became impossible by the prostration which ensued. I had thus to decide the question before me in my sick room, and send you a brief telegram as the only formal announcement possible under the circumstances.

This, I hope, will be my apology to those who have written me, for the failure to respond to their words of affection. This general letter will, I trust, be accepted by all such in lieu, for the present, of the personal letters which I shall hope to write ere long. As I do not expect to enter upon my work at Stanford until the beginning of the new year, I may have the pleasure of grasping some of you by the hand before I go.

In closing thus my ministry of 33 years among you, I am more painfully conscious of its defects than any of you can possibly be. During the last few years, especially, I have been unable to do much which I have wanted to do, and which needed to be done. I trust that my friends, in looking back upon these years, will remember the limitations under which I have worked, and will believe that if I have seen so little of them it has not been from want of desire. All these shortcomings I commit to the kindly charity of my friends and to the forgiveness of Him whose "mercy endureth forever." Of one joy nothing can rob me in leaving you—the conviction, created from the personal assurance of not a few among you, that my ministry has been helpful to them, both in thought and in life, as they have grown with me into "the larger hope" for man, the deeper trust in God. Our long relationship has been unmarred by any dissension—a record this which brings no little comfort to me now.

I shall not soon forget the splendid loyalty with which All Souls' supported me in the days gone by, through the struggle which it was given us to maintain for the freedom of interpreting the ancient creeds.

The relationship of pastor and people has, in many instances, grown into a warm personal friendship, which, on my part, will be cherished while life lasts.

To all such friends I would say that the pain which this parting costs them must be the interpreter of the sorrow which I feel in leaving them for a new ministry.

All such friends I know will follow me in the new work to which I go, under a sense of duty, with their supporting thought and wishes, as my heart will continue to go out to them in earnest desire for all good things from the Father of Lights.

May all spiritual blessings attend the parish which I have served so long, under the ministry of my gifted successor! And may the parish always stand for the marriage of reason and reverence in religion!

Cordially yours,

R. HEBER NEWTON.

East Hampton, August 15, 1902.

Another interesting old building is about to become a prey to the "housebreaker's art." John Bunyan's Chapel, King's Court, Great Suffolk street, Southwark, is a little wooden building, which recently has been used as a mission hall. On entering you are confronted with a yawning, open baptistery, in which adults were immersed. Three galleries run round the chapel, and it is a fair type of such places of unlicensed worship when Nonconformity was a punishable offense. Next door is a tumble-down old dwelling-house with several low-pitched garrets, or rather cupboards, in the roof. It is said that the preachers, and even the immortal dreamer himself, used to hide in these rooms when the populace sought to molest them or the authorities desired their capture. Now all this is to be demolished, in order to extend the scope of the modern builder. The historic chapel in Little Wild street, off Drury Lane, which has existed for just over two hundred years, is also about to be demolished. In its earlier days many lawyers from the neighboring Lincoln's Inn, as well as men connected with literature, science and art—among them Daniel Defoe—worshipped within its walls.—*The Christian Life.*

Robert Browning and Others.

"ROUGH, ROYAL AND SIMPLE."

An Address Delivered at Chautauqua, August 11th, 1902, by D. P. Baldwin, Esq.

But for his obscurity, Browning would easily rank as the leading poet of the last century. As it is, Tennyson out-ranks him in popularity, owing to his immensely superior art, although he was greatly Browning's inferior in grasp and range of thought and robustness of spirit. Tennyson was and is vacillating —one day up in the garret and the next down in the cellar, and toward the close of his life, in neither place very long at a time.

Naturally we compare Wordsworth with Browning. The latter had an advantage over the former, of living fifty years later, and consequently of enjoying the enormous progress of human thought in the meantime. The last fifty years have been the most brilliant in the world's intellectual history. Wordsworth lived a hermit's life upon the hills of the lake district, while Browning spent his life "in among the things of men" at London and in Italy, and was daily in contact with such spirits as Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, George Eliot and Tennyson. Hence, Browning is an up-to-date thinker, while Wordsworth had no conception of the problems of today. And yet how vastly more clearly expressed are the ideas of Wordsworth upon, for example, future life, than those of Browning. Wordsworth's ode upon immortality is upon every cultivated tongue, but none except a metaphysician can read Browning's "La-Saisiaz" and know what it all means.

The lyrics when unraveled have the same subtle charm as of yore when I first read them. But who wants, in reading a love song, to stop at every third line and ask "What the dickens does this mean?" Take "Porphyria's Lover," for example. Who can make any sense out of it except as from a mad-house cell, as it was originally labeled? The way it is now read is to regard it as a study in the raptures and despairs of love. But the difficulty is that the lover first strangles Porphyria with her long yellow hair, and then they rapturously woo each other the rest of the long rainy night. If this is not putting the cart before the horse, it is difficult to imagine what is. Take another lyric—for example, "By the Fireside." Think of putting your arms around your wife and saying,

> "If two lives join there is oft a scar;
> They were one and one, with a shadowy third;
> One near one is too for."

What in heaven's name does that mean? When, in the heyday of youth, one goes a courting, he hardly waits to take a grammar and dictionary under his arm, and yet of all our love songs what was ever better than "A Woman's Last Word:"

> "Be a god and hold me
> With a charm;
> Be a man and fold me
> In thine arm.
>
> * * * *
>
> "Meet, if thou require it,
> Both demands,
> Laying flesh and spirit
> In thy hands!"

Browning has reached the high-water mark of poetry a dozen times; in music in "Abt Vogler;" in the philosophy of life in "Rabbi Ben Ezra;" in a picture of malevolence in "My Last Duchess;" in clerical hollowness and hypocrisy in "The Bishop Orders His Tomb;" in love in "The Last Ride Together," and in an exposition of ultimate religious truth in his great masterpiece, "Saul." This last piece, "Saul," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality" and St. John's gospel are the world's three mounts of transfiguration.

Did one ever see such a gigantic mix of wheat and chaff as the ponderous "Ring and the Book," the longest, the dullest, and in many places, the most beautiful poem in our language? Here we find our Robert at his best and his worst. If we could only burn all but four of these twelve books, reserving the prologue and the epilogue, how much happier would the world be! But this is the fault of all great authors. Wordsworth has written some of the silliest things human brain ever coined. Not over half of Shakespeare is worth the reading. Why hold Robert Browning for a fault common to all of his kind.

Of the plays of Browning—if "In a Balcony" and "Pippa Passes" can be called plays—the lovely little Pippa and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" seem to me the best. The first is almost universally used by our stage readers, but only the last has ever been put on the boards. While you must buy a guide book to interpret her little songs, yet to me "Pippa Passes" grows in beauty every time I read it. Its key is the enormous value in the world of little things as well as obscure persons.

> "'All service ranks the same with God:
> If now, as formerly, He trod
> Paradise, His presence fills
> Our earth, each only as God wills
> Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
> Are we; there is no last nor first.
> Say not 'A small event!' Why 'small?'
> Costs it mort pain than this, ye call
> 'A great event,' should come to pass,
> Than that? Untwine me from the mass
> Of deeds which make up life, one deed
> Power shall fall short in, or succeed!"

One of the marks of genius is the ability to coin apt names either of persons or places. George Eliot's "Dorlcote Mill" or the little village of "Raviloe," where the weaver, Marner, lived, illustrates. So with Browning. What a felicitous name for a literary hack is "Gigadibs;" for a little girl "Pippa," or for a ruffian "Bluephox." How significant the author's Scripture quotation when Bluephox is first introduced. "He maketh the sun to shine on the evil as well as on the just."

Browning is seldom the poet of the submerged tenth. His characters and subjects are almost always drawn from the upper classes. In this he is strangely unlike his great competitors. One of the unmistakable marks of genius is its ability to glorify and make beautiful the commonplace. Of this truth there are endless illustrations. Take Abraham Lincoln's "The Lord must love the common people, there are so many of them," or "You can fool some of the people all the time and some part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." Burns is another illustration. Take all his beautiful girls—"Highland Mary," "My Nannie O," "Bettie and Peggy," and who not else?—and there is not a pair of shoes and stockings in the whole outfit. His best poems have no higher subjects than two dogs, a dying old sheep, a mouse nest, "Tam O'Shanter," "The Jolly Beggars," etc. Wordsworth also invariably chooses and glorifies common events. In three lines he has immortalized Peter Bell—a Cumberland clodhopper:

> "A primroce by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

It is common to speak of Browning as a great philosopher in numbers and to go into raptures over his deliverances. Was he? Is he? That depends upon what philosophy is. If it is the solution of problems by argument, syllogism and conclusions, no, although his poems are loaded down with subtle speculation. But if the claim is founded on intuition and vision, Browning's claim is of the highest. His constant insistence is that the great mysteries of life and death are solved by the heart and not by the head. As against the scientific speculation and skepticism of his day, Browning all the time interposed a steady "I believe"—

"I have felt." "See the Christ stand." He repudiated, or at least doubted, the dogmas of the church, and yet was a Christian. He blended evangelical christianity and subjective idealism. I do not dwell upon his optimism. This part of his message has been written to death. The truth seems to me to be that there is a hopeless contest raging between optimism and pessimism, with mighty combatants ranged on either side. The middle doctrine of meliorism seems to me preferable. This world is neither the best possible nor the worst posssible. It is as bad as needs be, but constantly growing better.

When, however, we reach the very highest kind of poetry—that which enters into the life of the great masses of humanity and sweetens their lives and puts heart into their struggles, we must turn from the great names which the world delights to honor, to those humbler ones to which the world gives scant notice. Of our great poets, Burns and Longfellow tried by this test are greater benefactors of the world than Wordsworth, Shelley or Browning. But there is a greater book of poetry tried by this standard than any and everything the above poets or their previous or subsequent colaborers have ever written. I dare to say and do now and here say it that when we apply these ultimate tests of vision and uplift, that greater poetry can be found in our hymn books than in all the costly editions and anthologies of our poets. Vision—the ability to see beyond the things of time and beneath events—is the dividing line between the orator and the speaker, the statesman and the opportunist, the poet and the seer. Burke, Lincoln and Webster had this power. Everett and Choate and the small fry talkers of today lack it. Colonel Ingersoll had marvelous insight, but no outsight. He could not see in spirit anything but exquisitely organized matter; or back of this universe anything but force, or beyond death anything except "a windowless palace of rest." To this great intellect, immortality was "a dream of love kissing the lips of death." Do you want to study the question of our future life? It is beyond the reach of reason. But go to the old forgotten hymn book and read, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," or to a recent hymn beginning, "We shall sleep, but not forever; there shall come a glorious dawn." Is it a question of God whether he is a person, power, myth or love? Turn as did the dying President to "Nearer, My God to Thee," or to Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light." Does the mystery of life press heavily upon you? Repeat "Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us." Here in four verses we have the whole of Life's problems and their solution spread out before us. When the crushing hand of affliction lies heavily upon you, Shakespeare or Browning will be of small use to you. Turn then to those mounts of transfiguration which you will find scattered on every page of this same hymn book. Hymns are the keys with which we open the heavenly gates. Do you want to solve the Christ problem—Godman or myth? Open again this unfashionable book and turn to such hymns as "Just As I Am Without One Plea," or "Love Divine, All Else Excelling." I repeat it that in the hymn book as nowhere else, except the Bible, poetry passes up into vision, faith becomes sight and the real presence draws near us. Perfumed as it is with the divine spirit, this same hymn book is a supplemental Bible—in fact here we hear the whir of angels' wings and breathe the unmistakable atmosphere of our heavenly home. No doubt there are thousands of wretched hymns—sloppy sentimentalism married to ragtime music. But those are soon consigned to oblivion. There is no nobler body of genuine inspiration in our language than in these great hymns, commencing with the Stabat Mater and ending with Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," both of which are now set to music and sung in our churches.

What a comment upon Christian philanthropy is the fact that for 10 cents—the price of a cigar—a poor man can buy an exceptionally printed New Testament and a book containing six hundred of the world's greatest hymns!

Chautauqua, N. Y., Aug. 1.

THE PULPIT.

A Free Church of Australia.

By Charles Strong, D. D., of Melbourne, Australia.

Religion, in the eyes of those who really believe in it, is the highest and deepest element in individual and in social life. Religion, which, in a general way, may be described, if not defined, as the sense of our relationship to a Power in us, around us, and above us, on whom man's destiny is felt to depend—the conscious attitude of the soul towards this Power, and the efforts man puts forth to know, please, obey, be delivered from, get help from, be united with, show love to this all-compassing Power—has, as a matter of fact, played a most important part in the evolution of man. Take religion out of the social and personal history of man in all races and in all past ages, and what a comparatively poor and tame affair does the story of human life upon the earth become! What would the history of India, Greece, Rome, European civilization be, during the last two thousand years, with religion left out?

And what, rightly or wrongly, the religious today contend is that religion is indigenous to the human mind and heart quite as much as is the scientific or artistic impulse, and that, like the latter, whose beginnings were lowly, crude, and childish, the religious impulse purified, widened, and ennobled by the advancing culture of the race and the conscious efforts of individuals, is, like art and science, destined to exercise a still greater influence, and play a still more important role, in the great drama of *human,* as distingished from mere physical and material evolution. Human progress they thus regard as inseparably bound up with religion, viewed alike in its speculative and practical aspects. And the loss or decay of religion they look upon as the greatest calamity which could befall a people. In the words of Emerson: "What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honor. Society lives to trifles, and when men die we do not mention them."

From the point of view of the religious-minded, one of the greatest dangers attending the present stage of civilization, even threatening temporary relapse into barbarism, is just the eclipse of religion today in many quarters; and any real advance in the life of humanity they regard as inseparable from a revival of interest in the spiritual side of man's nature—in one word, in religion. They believe, with Jesus, that if race, nation, or individual would fulfill their destiny, and reach a full, rich, human life, they must "seek first" what, in the language of Palestine in the first century, is called "the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness," and build their house, as Jesus said, upon "the rock" of trust in the Supreme Power as goodwill, and in love as the most practical and universal law of social gravity.

The question of questions is, in old-fashioned language, "Are we sons of God, *i. e.,* of intelligent, purposeful and beneficent Spirit, or sons of the clod?" It is vain to think that we can evade this question. In

some way we all answer it, theoretically and practically. And on the answer, consciously or semi-consciously given, ultimately rests the structure of individual and social life.

The religious answer, "Man, like God, is Spirit in his deepest nature, and to ignore or deny this is to strike at the root of the tree of human life." In the eyes of the religious, therefore, the organization and perfecting of the religious life is of fundamental consequence alike to the individual and to society.

The social problem of today is, from this point of view, essentially religious, and not merely economic in the ordinary sense of this word. It is the problem of the evolution of man as a spiritual being, whose destiny is the perfection of his own divine nature, and the economic is regarded as a means to an end, that end full of human life and blessedness for all. The material is looked upon as by no means unimportant, but yet as secondary, as bricks and mortar, which are glorified only in the architect's idea, or as the rough stone in which the sculptor embodies thought and beauty.

Now, organized religious life means, in other words, a church.

There have been, of course, endless disputes as to what "the church" means. The controversy, however, may be said to be narrowed down to one point. Is "the church" a supernaturally revealed and instituted ecclesiastical and theological society? Or is it the natural social *form* of religious life, changing necessarily with changing times and circumstances the social garment, which the Christian spirit, the spirit of faith in man's essentially supernatural being as a son of the Highest, the spirit of trust in God, and man's true attitude to God as revealed or unveiled "in Christ" and His "Gospel"—has woven for itself, and still weaves?

The first conception is that of Roman, Greek and Anglican, and, in a modified form, of many Protestants—[see, for instance, the Westminster Confession of Faith, chapters xxv.-xxx.]—some of the reformers having, naturally enough, brought over with them into the Protestant camp Roman and Eastern ideas of "the church." Luther himself at first thought he could retain his allegiance to the Pope, and that he was a true son of Rome, even when rebelling against Rome.

The second conception of the divine right of the church begins to assert its place among Protestants, and among Broad-church Anglicans—[See Dean Stanley's *Christian Institutions*, chapter xii.; Dr. Hatch's *Hibbert Lectures*, and an article by Canon Henson in the December number of the *Cotemporary Review;* also the article, "Church," in the new *Encyclopedia Biblica.*] It is this dissolution of the venerable *dogma* of "the church" which is changing the whole face of Protestant Christendom. Indeed, the change amounts to a revolution.

To what this change of conception is due.

(*a.*) *The Recognition of the History of Dogma.*

It would take too long at present to describe the process in history by which such a revolutionary result has been brought about. Suffice it to say, generally, that the change is due in part to the distinctively modern Protestant study of the growth of dogma, and of ecclesiastic institutions, once thought to have come in some sudden, miraculous manner, direct from God, through infallible Bible, or infallible hierarchy.

(*b.*) *Study of the Bible.*

The change is due in part, also, to the modern Protestant study of the Bible, which has itself been discovered to be a growth—the story of a marvellous religious evolution, extending over many centuries—and which the Protestant, therefore, can no longer regard as a repository of ready-made dogmas, or interpret as did the mediæval church. "Search the Scriptures" was the Protestant reformers' motto. And for nearly a century the best scholarship of Europe and America has studied every book and word in the Bible with unwearied earnestness. The result is that the Bible has become a new book—a finer book, in some respects, than our fathers dreamt of; but none the less a new book.

(*c.*) *Comparative Religion.*

The change is due, further, to the modern study of "Comparative Religion," and of the close relation of Christianity and the church to non-Christian civilizations, such as those of Greece, Rome and Egypt.

(*d.*) *Spiritual Quickening.*

And these intellectual studies have led to a quickening also of spiritual insight and feeling, in the light of which "old things have passed away," just as they did in St. Paul's days. The religion of Jesus is felt to be simpler and more human, and, at the same time, profounder and diviner than it had seemed to the majority at least of Christians in less enlightened and ruder times.

For "liberal" Protestants, *i. e.,* real Protestants who have become imbued with the historical, scientific, critical and ethical-religious spirit of modern Protestantism, it is no longer possible to believe, in accordance with "orthodox" teaching, that "the church" is a miraculously instituted Ark of Safety from the flood of an eternal hell-fire to which all mankind are by nature heirs, inside of which ark alone is security, and the one entrance to which is through a certain miraculously instituted priesthood or presbytery, and the reception at their hands alone of certain sacraments, and through the submissive acceptance, also, of certain dogmas about God, Christ, etc., which priests or presbyters declare to be "necessary to salvation."

But the result of this great Protestant movement has not been merely destruction and negation. The sweeping away of the lingering remnant of mediævalism in the Protestant churches has marvellously prepared the way for the reunion of Protestant Christendom, and the rebirth and rehabilitation of religion which was in danger of being cast out as "salt that had lost its savor," or regarded as an ancient system of beliefs which had had its day and must cease to be.

In the light of the revolution, the old divisions between churches are melting away, and the spirit of unity begins to brood over the face of chaos. For divisions can no longer be based on Scripture nor justified by history. The "Word of God" no longer consists for Protestant theologians of non-rational dogmas to be accepted, or, "without doubt, everlastingly perish." The dogma of eternal hell-fire, which lies at the base of all the old ecclesiasticisms, and the selfish conception of religion as a means to save one's soul from hell, to escape hell, and gain heaven, are felt to be inconsistent with the spiritual religion of divine and human love. Religion is recognized as being, like art and science, a natural impulse of the soul, as having its roots in the rational and spiritual nature of man, and as being an attitude of the heart and will towards the Power that is in all, through all, and above all; Christian religion being simply the *attitude of Christ*—the heart and will of a trustful and loving Son.

From this point of view, the Christian divisions are not only absurd, they are sinful "heresies," which, in the New Testament, are ranked as "sins of the flesh." To impose dogmas on one another is felt to be not only irrational, but to contradict the very spirit of Christ. To affect priestly powers and make "salvation" dependent on the observance of certain legal rites or sacraments, is, it is now seen, to drag us back to the

very slavery from which it was the original glory of Christianity to set men free. "My yoke is easy," said Christ to the men of His day *burdened* with legalism and the letter of a Book.

The church is, then, seen to be simply the *Society of the Sons of God,* the *Ecclesia* or *Congregation,* of those drawn together by spiritual sympathy, united in the practical effort to carry out in their own lives the religious-social ideal of Jesus, and to conquer the world for this ideal, for this "God in Christ." Surely a magnificent conception!

The hope of the future lies not in the fact merely that the old theology and the old ecclesiasticism have had the bottom knocked out of them, but in the birth of this new spirit, aglow with enthusiasm for a religion in which the principles of Christian liberty, goodwill, unbounded hope, and self-sacrificing faithfulness to the ideal of humanity as a God's child, shall be the prominent features; and for a church held together by such principles, whose noble work shall be to nurse and foster faith in these principles, to conserve and pass on to coming ages the spiritual heritage of man, to save man from the beast that is in him, and the hell whose fires are in his own selfishness and ungoverned passions, to urge man onward and upward in God, and to bring in, as far as may be, here and now, the "Kingdom of God and His righteousness"—a church whose officers shall not be priests, but men, "men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," pledged, not slavishly to uphold the past, but freely to be faithful to the present and the future.

Such is "the church" as it now begins to emerge out of the darkness and the conflict of an age of skepticism, criticism and revolt. We may be told that it is a dream. But, if so, it is a dream in which some of the most Christian and the most learned share. Thus writes the late Dr. Hatch, one of the most learned Anglican divines, in his "Hibbert Lectures" on the Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages Upon the Church: "For though you may believe that I am but a dreamer of dreams, I seem to see, though it be on the far horizon—the horizon beyond the fields which either we or our children will tread—a Christianity which is not new but old, which is not old but new; a Christianity in which the moral and spiritual elements will again hold their place, in which men will be bound together by the bond of mutual service, which is the bond of the sons of God; a Christianity which will actually realize the brotherhood of men, the ideal of its first communities."

Dr. Hatch only voices the aspirations of hundreds today in England, Germany, Holland, France and America.

It is, I think, at a Christianity and a church such as this that young Australia should aim. The influence for good of such a great united, yet free, spiritual society on the development of the commonwealth would be incalculably great. It would indeed be "a well of water" springing up, in the young and in the old, into "everlasting life."

But how, it may be asked, can such a church ever arise? Are not the obstacles insuperable?

The difficulties are, no doubt, great. Yet what great thing, what thing worth doing, is not surrounded with difficulties?

No one expects that such a revolution can come in a day. But if those who have caught the new spirit—and there are such today in all the churches—will only be faithful to the light, brave, and self-sacrificing, the change may come sooner than some think.

The main thing is, as Canon Henson points out in the article already referred to, to form a "public opinion." And this can be done by systematically teaching the people for one thing, the plain results of historical criticism as applied to the Bible and to dogma, and familiarizing them gradually with these results. Once the members of the churches know what students and scholars now known as to the history of the church, the growth of dogma, and the teaching of the New Testament; once the assured knowledge we now have is assimilated and becomes part of the religious atmosphere, the partition walls will inevitably fall.

Indeed, there are signs all round that they are already falling. We have united councils of churches; the question of union between those who once regarded each other as "heretics" is discussed in sermons and articles; "declaratory acts" are passed to relieve the conscience of those who no longer believe what they are legally compelled to sign; hell-fire, predestination, verbal inspiration, "divine right" of presbytery or of episcopacy, old atonement theories once deemed "essential," etc., are fading into obscurity; and while the *miraculous* is not altogether abandoned, its meaning has changed, and it occupies a much less prominent place in even "orthodox" theology. Even the *Incarnation* is regarded more from the moral and spiritual point of view, and less from the dogmatic and miraculous standpoint of fifty years ago. There is also the tacit admission that those who do not accept miracles may yet be good, and even Christian, men.

Public opinion can also be formed by constantly presenting to the people, in all its attractiveness, power and simplicity, the new, yet old, ideal of the church as the "light of the world." "We drive out error," writes Dean Stanley, "by speaking the truth."

Reform centers might be formed wherever "even two or three are gathered together." And both clergymen and laymen in the different denominations might set themselves to cultivate visible fraternity, by interchange of pulpits and interdenominational conferences, and, as far as is at present practicable, co-operate in good works, frankly recognizing each other's clergy as captains of different regiments in the same army.

It may be said that vested interests, church property, etc., will stand in the way of "the unification of the religious life" of the nation. And, undoubtedly, they form a serious obstacle. But even this obstacle will melt in the fire of a genuine intellectual and religious revival, and with the passing of the materialistic and commercial ideal now so rampant, but, not, surely, eternal.

The sum of what I have been saying is that "the time is fulfilled," that the old, miraculous, dogmatic, ritualistic conception of "the church," out of which our divisions have sprung, is completely undermined; that we in this new country—whose young people are comparatively ignorant of, or free from, the ecclesiastical and theological traditions and strifes of the old world, and who are too often drifting away at present from all churches and from all distinctly religious thought and life—should set ourselves to rebuild "the City of God," whose ancient walls are crumbling, and whose old traditional foundations are undermined by the spirit of truth and love today, on broad spiritual lines; and that as we have today a church of science and a church of art, with their assemblies, associations, congresses, practical combinations, so we should have, also a catholic church of the Holy Spirit of religion.

It is no use attempting to patch the old garment. A radical reformation is demanded. Compromise, which is often but unmanly evasion and moral cowardice, will no longer serve. It is not a big mechanical, ecclesiastical uniformity built on fragments of the old dogmatic, mediæval ark that is demanded—a repetition of the past on a larger scale—but the frank recognition by all the churches of a new, yet old, principle of church-life—the freedom and the new unity of "the Spirit."

Let us frankly admit the fundamental, inevitable change, and seek to adapt the forms of organized

spiritual life to the new intellectual, social and political environment in which God has placed us.

No more important or patriotic work can the young Australian do today than to seek to purify the springs of the deepest life in his nation, and to help to reorganize and unify the religious forces of the commonwealth, directing them to one common end—the uplifting of man, the spiritualizing, hmanizing, and, in the true sense, Christianizing of Australia.

We have achieved political federation, notwithstanding all the difficulties which a few years ago seemed to render it a dream. Would not a spiritual federation in the deepest and highest aspirations of our nature be a still grander achievement? I do not mean a great mechanical union, a rival to the State, but a free union of spiritual men united in the desire to live themselves as sons of God, and to inspire their fellow citizens and fellow men with the purest and loftiest ideals—a spiritual brotherhood, which, as the late Professor Tiele has said, "will truly deserve * * * the name of a mother who lovingly gathers her children around her, and is a blessing to all."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Recent Theology.

The author's conception of the church is very much of the sacerdotal character. He believes in apostolic succession, in the eucharistic nature of the Lord's supper. He believes that only the sacramentally ordained historic ministry can administer this means of grace, that those who partake of it find in it the bread of life. Yet along with this belief in priestism there is a curious belief in prophecy which, he says, is inspirational and extra-sacramental. But this gift of prophecy would seem to be limited. It has only an illuminating function, not a revealing one. It can only play about the old creeds; it cannot proclaim a new one. For according to the author, the apostles' creed contains all that has been revealed of divine truth. That statement, no more, no less, constitutes the Christian faith, governed by which in thought and life immortal man obtains his highest and truest spiritual development. We need not stay to controvert that assumption. Suffice it to say that the man who makes it has a very little measure for God's illimitable truth.

He proceeds to tell us that all Christian bodies thoroughly and unanimously agree upon the essentials of that faith, and on this he would base his conception of unity. It is clearly seen what his reconstruction amounts to. He rightly deprecates the vast injury done religion by the rivalries of the sects, and to obviate it he would have (in country parishes) a union chapel, in which Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Methodists might worship, each in turn, and under one common minister. These seem to be the only three bodies he has any mind for; all the rest appear outside the Christian communion. He has no place for them. A careful scrutiny of his union chapel plan reveals the fact that it would be very much more Episcopalian than Congregational or Methodist. And even if it were not, does the author really think that it is possible to smooth over the differences which separate these bodies without detriment to the spiritual life? He has strangely misread religious history if he does. We are convinced that the reconstruction that is to take place is not a reconstruction on the lines of the apostles' creed, or any other creed, but a reconstruction on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount. There you have the true basis of Christian unity, and until you get back to that, we fear the rivalries of the churches will go on with all their waste and damage to religion. A. L.

*The Church of the Reconstruction, an essay on Christian unity, by the Rev. Edward M. Skagen.

There was a time when the appearance of a book by Professor Dods would have been received with a certain curiosity. The ancient fathers in the faith would have opened it with trepidation, while those with a nose keen for these things would have scented in its pages heresy. This was when Professor Dods was looked upon as somewhat of a heretic. He at one time admitted there were errors in the Bible, and he once published a sermon in which he allowed that Unitarions could be Christians. The Unitarians were so delighted with it that they purchased a special edition of several thousand copies and scattered them broadcast over Scotland. Professor Dods was actually put on trial for heresy, along with Professor Bruce. There are some people who think that Professors Dods, Bruce, Drummond and G. A. Smith, all of whom have been through the fire, might have led the new reformation in Scotland, had they been so minded.

But Professor Dods has long since sown his wild oats of heresy, and returned to the paths of pleasantness and peace. It may be in remembrance that he was preacher and lecturer at the Chicago University last year and he rather raised the ire of Rabbi Hirsch by his too dogmatic claims on behalf of evangelical Christianity. If he ever had any doubts on that account they have now vanished into thin air. He can be trusted to say nothing that will set the heather on fire, or disturb the sleep of the saints.

From the point of view of orthodoxy this book is an admirable exposition of the parables. It is more a deliverance from the pulpit than from the professorial chair. He does not treat the parables from a critical standpoint. There is nothing about the text. Never a question is raised as to whether the parables were uttered by Jesus, although he assumes that Jesus did say so and so, which saves a lot of trouble, and then he proceeds to give an interpretation eminently orthodox, and animated by a quiet, refined, evangelical fervor that impresses you because it is so transparently sincere.

Professor Dods does not seem to hold the comforting doctrine that once elect always elect, or once saved always saved. In his exposition of the parable of the tares he has some very strong things to say about the wickedness within the church. "Where is there to be found a more passionate greed of gain, or a more self-indulgent luxury, or a more thoroughgoing worldliness than among the masses of the trading Christian races? It is within Christendom we must look if we would see some of the worst species of human iniquity." And on this account he pleads for charity and tolerance in dealing with these mixed elements in the church and in society. He asserts the principle that everything must ultimately find its place according to its own real character and quality. This is perfectly true and consistent with what we have come to know of the laws of God's kingdom. But this is not the teaching of the Westminster confession, of which Dr. Dods is a professed upholder. That asserts that the final destiny of every man is fixed by the arbitrary will of the Almighty. Clearly the professor has not yet sown all his wild oats of heresy.

The weakest sermon or chapter in the book is the one dealing with the parable of the unjust judge. Taking as analogy the importunate widow, he makes a plea for prayer which is both false and misleading. Dr. Dods recognizes the existence of universal law, but he believes that God can play off one law against another and that he does play it off in answer to men's prayers. God may have ordained such and such things to take place in connection with and as the

*The Parables of our Lord, by Marcus Dods, D. D.

result of the prayers of those who wait upon him. But surely this statement wants guarding. God may have ordained that certain influences affect ourselves, or even affect another, as a result of our prayers, but will he say that He has ordained certain things to happen in the universe as a result of our prayers? Will God call up or drive back that rain cloud in answer to our prayers? Did God save us from going on that ill-fated train because we waited upon Him, but did not save those who went and were killed because a sufficient number of prayers were not forthcoming? These are the questions men ask, and such answers as Dr. Dods gives fail to satisfy them. The very best sermon in the book is the one on the parable of the rich fool. It is marked by clear insight and wise counsel. There are sayings in it which are little capsules of truth. "The man who values himself for what he has, and not for what he is * * * is one of the most familiar objects of ridicule;" "A man is fallen very low indeed if he is not at all concerned to know that he is making any advance one way or another;" "Is it not astonishing how religious men who profess to live for God should so carefully keep Him from interfering in their money affairs, i e., in those affairs 'round which their lives really revolve?" "In the case of the rich man his greatest loss was that he missed the opportunity of being God's almoner, of dispensing God's bounty to the needy;" "God identifies Himself with all that is needy on earth, and spending treasure for the needy is spending treasure for God."

The whole purpose of religion is involved in this. It is what Micah and the best of the prophets declared near 3,000 years ago. It is what Saint James emphasized in the early days of the Christian church. It is what Jesus enforced in sermon, in precept, in example. And in dealing with these parables in this earnest, simple, practical way, Professor Dods has, with some few exceptions, brought us nearer to the mind of Christ. A. L.

Commonwealth or Empire.*

Prof. Goldwin Smith has for more than a generation been known as a friendly and sympathetic critic of our country and its institutions and government. In this little book he performs the task of a friend, deeply concerned for our future welfare, in pointing out three distinct but convergent forces now arrayed, as he believes, against the commonwealth. They are plutocracy, militarism and imperialism. With clear and interesting style, and with none of the ranting often displayed on these subjects, he considers each of them in its turn, pointing out its development, its nature, and its dangers for the republic. The chief stress, however, is laid upon the dangers involved in imperialism, and these he sets forth with great force, and with abundant illustrations from the history of British imperialism. It may be questioned whether the author has not too far abandoned the hopefulness and faith of youth in favor of the fears and misgivings of age; but at all events, here is a book, to be read through in a couple of hours, which deserves to be read and carefully weighed by every one who has his country's future welfare at heart. E. M. WILBER.

Meadville, Pa.

*Commonwealth or Empire; a Bystander's View of the Question. By Goldwin Smith. N. Y. The Macmillan Company. 1902. 99 pp. 120.

Coming Into Harbor.

A splendid sight was witnessed from the Golden Gate, off San Francisco, one evening. There had been a great storm outside, and, beginning seven miles off shore, the whitecaps could be seen rushing shoreward, and by the time they reached the Seal Rocks they had grown into overwhelming billows that rose fully thirty feet above the largest rocks and dashed their spray to the second balcony of the Cliff House. Enormous breakers would rush off the highest Seal Rock, and submerge the herd of seals that had climbed to the topmost point for protection against the heavy waves. Even the birds were driven inland, finding no foothold on the rocks, and being unable to rest upon the water even inside the little channel between the shore and the home of the seals. But despite the war of the elements the white sails of ships and trailing smoke of steamers came out of the misty distance, and steadily battled toward the entrance to the harbor. At first it was difficult to distinguish between white-capped wave and glistening sail, but as the vessels came in with all canvas set, they presented such pictures as are never seen on painters' walls, for the lights and shades, the colors and tones, the tints and multichromes, were such as no human mind could invent, and no mortal hand could arrange.

Human life is often compared to a voyage. It is perhaps as apt a figure as could be used. Strong character can only be built up through battling with the waves. It is a glorious thing to make the harbor of a successful life in the teeth of the gale.

Louis A. Banks.

Senator Clark and the Barber.

A little anecdote told by the New York Times shows the business methods adhered to by United States Senator W. A. Clark, the multi-millionaire mine-owner, banker, and manufacturer. The story is as follows:

Upon his return from the East the Senator visited a barber's shop for the purpose of having his hair trimmed. He inquired for a certain barber, whose ability had been recommended to the Senator by his son Charles W.

Upon the completion of the job the Senator inquired the amount of his bill, whereupon the tonsorial artist calmly replied:

"Charley usually gives me $5."

The Senator was taken by surprise, but regaining his wits, asked: "But what is the usual charge for such a service?"

"Fifty cents," responded the barber.

"Well," said Senator Clark, with a smile, "Charley has a rich father and I have not," whereupon he handed the barber 50 cents and departed.—*Literary Digest.*

When She Comes Home.

When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome; I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence, and the perfume of her dress;
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space;
And tears—yes—and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

It Grew.

"Sin has many tools; but a lie is the handle which fits them all."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside.
Then the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide.

—*Old Rhyme.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Every hour that passes hath a vesper end,
Breathing, "One who sleeps not is thy constant friend."
MON.—Wherever we go, Love goeth too;
Whatever may pass, Love lasteth through.
TUES.—All the world's old dogmas are its poems petrified!
WED.—*For us no past?* Nay, what is present sweetness but yesterday's dissolving in today?
THURS.—All our creeds are hinting only of a faith of nobler strain.
FRI.—I can trust the mighty shepherd loseth none he ever led.
SAT.—God's commonest thing hides a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never passed.
—*William C. Gannett.*

The Moon-Baby.

There's a beautiful golden cradle
That rocks in the rose-red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air,
Where the bats and beetles fly.
With little white clouds for curtains,
And pillows of fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed for the Moon-baby's head,
So tiny and beautiful!

There are tender young stars around it,
That wait for their bath of dew
In the purple tints that the sun's warm prints
Have left on the mountain blue.
There are good little gentle planets
That want to be nursed and kissed,
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon-baby first must slumber,
For he is their proud young king.
So, hand in hand, round his bed they stand,
And lullabies low they sing,
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray,
With pinions soft, from the halls aloft,
Where the Moon-baby lives today.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Quaint Village.

There is one village in the United States entirely Catholic, which no modern improvement has ever penetrated, where not the faintest echo of the rush and overwork of modern life has ever sounded, where American newspapers are not read nor the English language spoken.

This is the little German village of Glandorf, Putnam county, Ohio, where 600 frugal inhabitants have lived for years in a contented and idyllic simplicity.

In the building of the town, as in everything else about it, the people have held very close to the customs of Germany, from where its founders came. There is but one street, and that extends for over a mile, generally north and south. Quaint, durable and homelike are the houses scattered along either side, interspersed here and there by the stores. All the residences have spacious and well-kept dooryards. Back and away from this principal street—yet so near that the laborers can be heard and seen at their work in the fields—stretch the thrifty farms of the German country folk. It is not an uncommon sight to see women and girls at work in the field with the men, and the whole population shows that rugged health so characteristic of the race.

Among themselves the people converse almost entirely in the German language, and, indeed, there are a great many in the community who can speak no other. They are generous and clever and the stranger who goes among them always finds a hospitable welcome and is impressed with their simple kindness. Nowhere can be found a more devoutly religious people. They are of the Catholic faith and possess one of the finest church buildings in northwestern Ohio.

This edifice has in itself been the means of making Glandorf famous because of its size and the beauty of its architecture. Although most of the work of construction, the quarrying of the stone for the foundations and the hauling of the material was given gratis by members of the parish, the cost outside of this was over $50,000. The structure is of brick and is ornamented with white sandstone.

Back of the church is the convent and all of the work of the farm connected with it is looked after by the Sisters.

The people of the parish are very strict in their church duties.—*Exchange.*

Master of His Craft.

Among the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island was a tall young fellow with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about twenty years old, and his admission was a pleasing and dramatic incident. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled and answered frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?" "To Fall River. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply: "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep tonight?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young man, confidently. "With this"—tapping the black bag—"I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and opening the bag took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer the young Pole stepped out into the space, and lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the very first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up, and their faces became tender.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians, who had a few moments before made their hurried and not over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he had heard them he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats, and said, "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

The incident was a sermon on competence, a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music, or farming, or bricklaying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows it root and branch, can point to it as confidently as the Pole pointed to his cornet, and say as he did, "With this I can go anywhere."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

The cords of love must be strong as death
Which hold and keep a heart,
Not daisy-chains that snap in the breeze,
Or break with their weight apart.
—*Phoebe Cary.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Dorothy's Mustn'ts.

I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D.;
Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.
From early morn till the close of day,
I hear a "mustn't" and never a "may."
It's—"You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head";
And "You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed";
"You mustn't cry when I comb your curls";
"You mustn't play with those noisy girls";
"You mustn't be silent when spoken to";
"You mustn't chatter as parrots do";
"You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud";
"You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud";
"You mustn't rumple your nice, clean dress";
"You mustn't nod in place of yes."
So all day long the "mustn'ts" go,
Till I dream at night of an endless row
Of goblin "mustn'ts" with great big eyes,
That stare at me in shocked surprise.
Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day
When some one will say to me, "Dear, you may,"
For I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D.;
Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Foreign Notes.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE SMITH FAMILY.—If I may be permitted a digression from strictly foreign items in this place, I would like to make a little excursion into the field of light literature, even at the risk of encroaching on Editor Burlingham's domain by inserting some poetical wit and wisdom that may not have been submitted to him for inspection.

Though one at times accepts with distinct satisfaction the axiomatic truth that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time, the converse of this statement, or the fact that one body cannot be in two places at the same time, as often occasions the liveliest regret. Such was the case when, on returning from Boston and the North Shore, I was confronted with an invitation and other evidences of what had been going on in Peoria during my absence. The invitation read as follows:

We lack cultivators on our farm. Knowing your rare attainments in this difficult art, we take pleasure in inviting you to be present at a Cultivating Bee which will assemble in our front yard on Knoxville Road, at eight o'clock, Tuesday evening, June 17, 1902. Please come in good season and bring your cultivator with you. Then we will all cultivate till everybody on the place becomes cultivated.

MR. AND MRS. WM. HAWLEY SMITH,
DR AND MRS. ARTHUR G. SMITH.

This invitation brought together some four hundred guests at the home of the popular author of the Evolution of Dodd, where they were treated to an entertainment so witty and original that even such echoes of it as can be given here may be appreciated by scattered members of the ubiquitous Smith family. A good old lady once asked the name of two chance traveling companions who had befriended her. On their replying Smith, she exclaimed artlessly: Smith! Smith! Why that is a Syracuse name! Nevertheless there are supposed to be a few of the name in the outlying districts, some of whom may be reached by UNITY.

The occasion of this June celebration was the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Nancy O. Smith of Normal, Ill. For the celebration a play was composed by Shakespeare and the Smith family. Then it was done into a book and bound in boards (No. 2 fencing), *by hand,* at the barn, on the farm by farmers," her son's family in Peoria.

This play, "The New Hamlet intermixed and interwoven with a revised version of Romeo and Juliet, the combination being modernized, re-written and wrought out on new discovered lines, as indicated under the light of the higher criticism," was duly enacted on that June evening for the entertainment of their guests by a strictly family caste, which included four generations and ranged in age from Baby Hamlet, one year old, to the Queen, who had passed eighty-two; Lady Montague being impersonated by the octogenarian, Mrs. Smith, in whose honor the whole was produced.

The play opens with the famous Hamlet soliloquy somewhat modified, and in the ensuing interview with his mother the Queen succeeds in convincing Hamlet that his father died a natural death—

He died
From nervous shock, caused by a quick decision
Of the Supreme Court. He had thought 'twould take
Them years to reach the sticking-point. But no!
They made their guess of what was best to do,
(What's best's their task, not what is right or wrong)
In just four hours! It took his breath away,
And so he died! for who can live, sans breath?

and that she married his uncle to save him from the perils of kingship till he should be old enough to brave them successfully. Carried away by her forceful reasoning he at length exclaims:

Oh, mother, how came you to be so wise?

And she replies:

I've been abroad, my son, I've traveled far;
Far as the land of Uncle Sam, and there
I learned the trick I'm teaching you to-night.
There is a party there they call Republican.
They're old hands at the grindstone on such things.
Whene'er their country gets all tangled up,
They let the Democrats come into power.
Anon the storm comes on, which none could stay—
A storm that's been a-brewing through the years;
Which, when it breaks, blows panic far and wide,
Pours out destruction like a whelming flood,
And fills the land with misery and woe.
Then. when the troublous times are at their worst
The Democrats get blamed for the whole thing;
The people rise, en masse, and turn them out.
Then the Republicans get back their jobs,
The skies all cleared, the seas all calm for sail.
'Tis a great scheme, my son! I learned it well,
And play it now for you. So now do this:
Go you away back and sit down, and wait!

Meanwhile she thinks it well for him to travel, and giving him a letter to her old school friend, Lady Montague of Verona, she bids Hamlet go enjoy himself and find perchance a wife.

It is no part of my purpose to unravel the plot of this clever little play but an extract from Lady Montague's advice to Romeo will prove a fitting companion to the one just given.

Lady Montague, returning rather late from the Woman's Club—so she explains what she considers her opportune appearance—discovers Romeo mourning with Juliet, and after the lovers have parted, proceeds to take the nonsense out of the young man by assuring him that his father is bankrupt.

He's dropped the last round ducat that he has,
And Pierpont Morgan holds a mortgage on
His home, his lands, and all but you and me.

Sobered by this intelligence, Romeo listens receptively to her suggestion:

Be a promoter, Romeo, son of mine!
Exploit some scheme that's based on watered stock.
For 'tis the alchemy of this great age
To turn clear water into yellow gold.
'Twas once a miracle to make of water, wine;
But men have passed that mark, in these last days.
Nor will they stop or stay till they have turned
Old Neptune's Ocean into paper stocks,
And sold them all to lambs, who'll baa for more!
Now, while the game is on, before it drops
(For drop it must, ere many moons can pass),
Get in your work and make your fortune sure.
I have the plan all laid, and here it is:
Go you to Denmark, 'tis the very place
To float a navy load of wind and gall.

What results from this interchange of scions of the respective houses I leave the reader to discover. The play ends with everybody agog in anticipation of King Hamlet's coronation, concerning which Romeo says:

There's only one regret for this fair day;
Be patient with me, while I pause to say:
Of all the guests invited, far and near
I learn that Alice Roosevelt can't be here!
For which we're truly sorry, one and all;
But yet we feel we can't give up the ball.
The caravan will move on schedule time,